

After Midnight Project "Something Sweet"

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I'm sick of searching
I'm sick of wanting
I'm sick of dreaming
I'm sick of being.

I wish that love would find its own way
I'm sick of searching everyday
A touch a smell, a butterflies wing
It's all i feel its all you bring
A star can sit for a million years
I can barely sit still before i break into tears...
Confused...

I'm cold on the floor
Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a
hold of my heart
I sit and i wait staring at a picture of your face that
fades away
Then you're gone, now i need something sweet to
move me on.

I need an opinion
I need a direction
I feed on deception
I lead to destruction.

Confused i'm left with nothing to choose
But this pad and this pen and this bottle of booze
I just want to know if this searching will end i've been
running in circles and it seems that i tend

To look for an answer that could never be found
So i'll dig and i'll dig till i'm sick feet under ground.

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Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a
hold of my heart
I sit and i wait staring at a picture of your face that
fades away
Then you're gone, now i need something sweet to

move me on.

I just need you to need me
I just want you to know...

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